

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

All kinds Job Printing neatly executed.

"I come, the Herald of a noisy world, the news of all nations lumbering at my back."

Subscription \$1 per Year, in advance

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NO. 46

## SYRUP OF FIGS



NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office next door to Red Front.

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## A "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

MOST REMARKABLE CASE IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY.

Some Facts in Regard to Miss Godsey, who for 24 Years was a Puzzle to Everybody.

SHE CALMLY SLEPT HER LIFE AWAY.

Within twelve miles of Union City, Tenn., died some time ago, at the age of 37 years, a lady, who for twenty-four years, was a puzzle and wonder to the scientific and medical world. Her name was Susan Caroline Godsey, known throughout the United States as the "Sleeping Beauty," and she deserved that appellation, for rarely has the eyes of man rested upon more beautiful features than those of Miss Godsey.

Before her death, many articles were written about her, some of which were true in part, while others were base fabrications almost in toto.

Susan Caroline Godsey was born in Gibson county, Tenn. When seven years of age she moved to Union county with her parents, who settled twelve miles north-west of Union City, near the Kentucky line.

Susie, as her family and acquaintances called her, was as healthy as most children, but at her eighth year, when she "took the chills," the usual chill remedies would stop them for awhile, but they invariably returned. When ten years of age she made a visit to her sister, Mrs. Jurney, several miles away, and while there had a chill. A quick, named Wasson, who had lately moved into the neighborhood from Middle Tennessee, was called in. He gave her medicines and left others, which were administered according to his directions, but the next day Susie had a chill as usual. The day following she missed her chill, but had a convulsion resembling a fit. From that day she began having cramping spells, the peculiarity of which was that in a second her heels would strike the back of her head, and before one could snap his fingers her knees and chin would come together.

Other physicians were called in, who declared that the medicines Wasson had given her were the cause of her peculiar malady. But two of the remedies were known: Opium and sulphuric ether. Of the former he gave her large doses as a last resort; of the latter he gave her one time a tablespoonful—enough to kill any three men. But Susie's system was such that it did not kill her, but in conjunction with the other drugs threw her into a condition to which death would have been preferable. Susie's father was going to prosecute Wasson for malpractice, but he died of Middle Tennessee, where he soon after died.

Daily, for three years, Susie had these terrible tortures for three years, her peculiar affection left her, and she went into a sleep which, with frequent awakenings, kept her in bed twenty-four years—until death relieved her.

When her sleep was prolonged past the usual time, physicians were called in, but none of them could arouse her death-like slumber. Her condition soon became widely known, and physicians from abroad came to see her and study her case, which passed beyond all their skill. A physician came from Paris, France, to see her, and procuring an interpreter at Hickman, Ky., visited the "Sleeping Beauty" at her humble country home, but the satisfying of his curiosity as to the truth of what he had heard was to the fact that she was accomplished by his visit.

Her brother, B. W. Godsey, her brother-in-law, James Jurney, her niece, Zenobia Jurney, and Mr. Joseph Montgomery, a friend, carried her to Nashville, where for several days, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Robert Eve, she was exhibited to the student of a

medical college of which Dr. Eve was President.

Her physician, Dr. C. P. Glover, and Dr. John Ray, accompanied by Susie's mother, her brother, B. W. Godsey, and Zenobia Jurney, her niece, carried her to a medical college in St. Louis. While in that city celebrated physicians from all parts of the country came to see her, but her case baffled the skill of them all.

During the twenty-four years of her sleep she would awake every morning at 6 o'clock, and then every hour until noon. In the afternoon she would wake at three o'clock and then at sunset, and at night at 9 and 11 o'clock. These hours were never varied from, except every Wednesday, when she would wake at 10 a. m. She would then have cramping spells, in the chest, and in the stomach, followed by an attack of vomiting of blood—sometimes as much as a pint. She generally remained awake but five minutes, never over seven. Doctors who would be present when she awoke would endeavor to keep her awake by animated conversation and by telling her of the pretty things they were going to bring her, but no diversion could prevent her falling asleep at the expiration of seven minutes.

The house was visited daily by sight-seers, and all were welcome to see the "Sleeping Beauty," and no charge was made, though some left small presents of money. When feeling that she was going to sleep, if there were visitors present, she would invariably bid them good-bye, ask them to call again, then fall into her death-like slumber.

Her sleep was more the appearance of death than a peaceful slumber. There was no sign of life. A mirror held to her nose and mouth exhibited not the slightest blur or moisture upon it; the lightest, faintest down laid upon her nostrils would not be agitated.

She was a small eater, though she enjoyed three regular meals a day, and was very fond of sweets and knickknacks. Though Mr. and Mrs. Godsey were poor and had to battle for a living, they were too proud to gain wealth by their daughter's misfortune, notwithstanding they had excellent opportunities to do so. Many showmen and museum managers offered them princely sums for the privilege of exhibiting their daughter. Among them was P. T. Barnum, who made them several propositions, the last being \$1,000 a week and the expenses of the family. To all these tempting offers the parents turned a deaf ear, and when they died, left their children but a few acres of land.

Though but thirteen years of age when she went to sleep, Susie grew to a full-sized woman. Her head was crowned with a mass of coal-black hair, which grew rapidly, but strange to say, her finger nails and toe nails never grew a particle after she went to sleep, and were not trimmed in twenty-four years.

Miss Godsey was quite bright and intelligent, and when awake enjoyed conversing upon any subject with which she was familiar.

During the twenty-four years of her sleep she was subject to disease the same as others, and had several spells of sickness, one of which was scarlet fever, which she caught from a negro boy who came to the door, no other member of the family contracting it.

It was the opinion of many physicians that if she could outlive the effects of the medicines Wasson gave her she would regain her normal condition; and this theory is borne out by the fact that for several days prior to her death she could be aroused from her slumber, such being impossible before. This would indicate that the effects of the drugs were wearing out, but her poor, tried body had also worn out, and she passed away, apparently of no disease but that produced by Wasson's remedies.

She was laid to rest beside her father and mother in Antioch cemetery, not far from her home. Watchers guarded her grave several nights for fear her body would be disinterred, and offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of medical science.

**New Beaver Dam Hotel,**  
A. D. Morgan, Prop'r.  
First-class in every particular. Patronage of the traveling public solicited. Would be glad to have all my old friends stop with me. Home comforts and all it takes to make a first-class hotel promised. Respectfully,  
S. D. MORGAN.

**Hungering for Women.**  
A private in an Ohio regiment now in Porto Rico, writes: "If you want to know what a grand, glorious and engendered thing a woman is, join the army as I did. See nothing but men from morning until night. Join the army and loaf with men, eat with men, help men, carry men, walk over men, shoot men, snore men, see men, men, men, and nothing but men. Live in a perpetual atmosphere of suppressed profanity, boot and snore and tobacco smoke and at the end of three weeks you would be passionately enamored with the mummy of an Egyptian servant girl and give her an electric kiss that would burn 3,000 years of dried hide into flushed and velvety animation."

**Blind from Birth—Now Sees.**  
[Cincinnati Enquirer.]  
Little Florence Gill Stueve, nine years old, who lives at Bremen, Ohio, has discovered a world! It is the same old world that has been rolling on through sunshine and shadow for centuries without number, but it is a new world to this little girl. Suddenly the glories of nature's coloring flooded her senses and thrilled her slender body. It was like a great, wonderful awakening after an eternity of blind existence, for she had been blind from the day of her birth. The child, as a naturally might be expected, could not realize what had happened, and shivered with fear when the windows of her young room were

thrown open by the clever hands of science to let in the light. Suddenly she became aware of what her mother looked like, and saw for the first time how human beings really appear. Then the panorama of existence, whose endless picture keeps unrolling from dawn until the end of life's sun, began to attract the child. It was as if the mountains had tumbled down and the sky had bent lower to witness the performance of the nineteenth century miracle.

The lens known as the "crystalline," a little double convex sack of humor which in the ordinary eye hangs transparent between the aqueous humor, just back of the cornea, and the vitreous humor, which occupies the larger chamber of the eyeball, and which focuses the rays of light upon the retina, was in the case of this child opaque and opaque. This, of course, caused total blindness, since the pictures never reached the region of the retina, upon which is spread the optic nerve. To correct this trouble, a most skillful and delicate operation had to be performed. The eye in its mechanism being possibly more technical than any other portion of the human being, it was an operation where the skill of the surgeon was pitted against the most intricate mysteries nature has been known to invent. Even then the best efforts of the most skillful operator are often rewarded with total failure, and the patient is left buried in the oblivion of the sightless forever. In this case the crystalline lens had to be removed. Dr. Tange-man undertook the operation, and it was crowned with splendid success. The little girl was placed under the influence of ether. The lids were then carefully anchored open, and with a steady nerve a blade of steel was directed through the cornea and the worthless lens was cut out like a kernel from the heart of a nut. The child, after recovering from the operation, was able to see objects like other children, and in time will be able to enjoy to a rich extent all the blessings of sight. The operation was performed in Covington.

Sick-poison is a poison which makes you sick. It comes from the stomach. The stomach makes it out of undigested food. The blood gets it and taints the whole body with it. That's the way of it. The way to rid of it is to look after your digestion. If your food is all properly digested, there will be none left in the stomach to make sick-poison out of. If your stomach is too weak to see to this properly by itself, help it along with a few doses of Shaker Digestive Cordial.

That's the cure of it. Shaker Digestive Cordial is a delicious, healthful, tonic cordial, made of pure medicinal plants, herbs and wine. It positively cures indigestion and prevents the formation of sick-poison. At druggists. Trial bottles 10 cents.

**History Is Repeating Itself.**  
[New York Journal.]  
In 1796 the Democracy entered upon its first national campaign under Thomas Jefferson, and was beaten.

In 1896, just one hundred years later, the Democracy of Jefferson had a new birth, and in the first appeal of this regenerated party to the people, it lost. In 1800 the original Democracy fought its second national contest and won. In 1900 the new Democracy will undertake its second national contest and will win. The cycle is complete and history is gloriously repeating itself.

You are making a great mistake in not sending for a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm. It is a specific for catarrh and cold in the head. We mail it, or the 50 cent size. Druggists all keep it. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Catarrh causes difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

**A Sure Sign of Croup.**  
Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

**Biggest Sweet Potato.**  
[Atlanta Constitution.]  
The largest sweet potato ever grown in Georgia was brought to Tifton Saturday by Mr. M. Walker, a farmer living two miles out of town. It is a giant of its species, and measures just four feet ten and one-half inches in length. It has been placed on exhibition here, and attracts a little attention. It is of the variety commonly called "bigger killer," and is a dark red, with white meat. About a month ago, before potatoes became fully grown, Mr. Walker brought a yam weighing nine pounds and measuring 30 inches in circumference. Better results even than these two specimens are expected when the potato is a dug.

**Dark Tobacco in the Lead.**  
A Louisville tobacco correspondent writes to the Louisville market on dark tobacco: "The more the 1898 dark crops are seen, the better they are liked on the whole, and if prices this week are not up to expectations, it is a fault of nearly all offerings. There is less house-ware than looked for, the 1st of which was not so coarse as reported, and the large crop of smoking tobacco is a leading but less anxious one. They were at first, when such low prices were a novelty. Apparently shippers have been paying too much in the country, otherwise rejection would be fewer. Unfired tobacco brings more competition and best prices for which there is a good steady demand."

**Mother and Child.**  
What more beautiful sight is there in the world? What more beautiful and what more lovely? That man must be far from the Kingdom—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child on its mother's bosom.

The greatest writers who have ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rabelais by name, to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which he never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again, for years, painting over and over that simple subject—the mother and her babe—and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful, each in a different way, and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple, every day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his color. And yet it is a sight which we see every day.

And as for the wonder of that sight—the mystery of it, I tell you this—That physicians, and the wise men who look into the laws of nature, of flesh and blood, say that the mystery is past their finding out; that if they could find out the whole meaning and the true meaning of those two words: mother and child, they could get the key to the deepest wonders of the world; but they cannot.

And philosophers who look into the laws of soul and spirit, say the same. The wisest men are, the more they find in the soul of every new-born babe, and its kindred to its mother's wonders and puzzles past man's understanding.

And yet it is the most common, every-day sight. This only shows once more what I would often try to show you, that the most common, every-day things are the most wonderful. It shows us how we are to despise nothing which God has made; above all, to despise nothing which belongs to human nature, which is the likeness and image of God.

## THE ELECTION.

A LIGHT VOTE WAS POLLED IN ALL THE STATES.

Not a Great Landslide for Democrats, but the Republicans Have Little to Jubilate Over.

SENATE AND HOUSE REPUBLICAN.

The election last week resulted in the choice of Governors in twenty-one States, Legislatures in twenty-three which will elect United States Senators to succeed those whose terms expire March 3 next, and Congressmen in all the States except Maine, Vermont and Oregon, in which the elections had already been held. A light vote was cast all over the country.

Minor State officers were elected in all the States, with the exception of Maine, Vermont and Oregon. Governors were elected as follows: REPUBLICANS—California, Colorado, Connecticut, Kansas, Idaho, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Nevada, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Wyoming. DEMOCRATS—South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas. PROGRESSIVE—Nebraska, Minnesota.

It will take the official count to decide the result in the different legislative elections. In Kentucky the returns do not affect Hobson's election to the Appellate bench nor the results in other districts. The Kentucky delegation will certainly include nine Democrats, and may include ten. Kentucky went gloriously Democratic from one end to the other.

Later returns do not bear out the earlier impression that the Republicans had lost the lower branch of Congress. Estimates give the Republicans a slight majority—seven to ten. With this majority to begin with, enough contesting Republicans could be seated to make an easy working majority. At least three contests will be made by Kentucky Republicans. Creel, in the Third; Davidson, in the Eighth, and Seitz, in the Tenth, say they will contest. Fugh, in the Ninth, may not need to contest. Evans, in the Fifth, will say nothing as to his intentions.

The Republican majority in the Senate of the next Congress is now estimated at 20. Among the Senators who will be succeeded by Republicans are Allen (Pop.), of Nebraska; Gray (Dem.), of Delaware; Murphy (Dem.), of New York; Roach (Dem.), of North Dakota; Smith (Dem.), of New Jersey; Turpie (Dem.), of Indiana; White (Dem.), of California. A Democrat will succeed Cannon (Silver Rep.), of Utah.

The Democrats concede Indians to the Republicans by 10,000. The Legislature is Republican in both branches. The Republicans hold the nine districts carried in 1896, though by a reduced majority in one of them, the Fifth. There are already four Republican candidates for Turpie's seat in the United States Senate.

**NEXT UNITED STATES SENATE.**  
Republicans.....55  
Democrats.....36  
Silverites.....1  
Populists.....1  
Independent.....1

**REPUBLICAN MAJORITY.**  
Republicans.....193  
Democrats.....165  
Populists.....3  
Fusionists.....2  
Silverites.....2

**REPUBLICAN MAJORITY—RETURNS ON THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR IN THE ENTIRE STATE OF NEW YORK.**  
New York City Roosevelt, Rep., a plurality of 19,533. The Democratic plurality in Greater New York was 82,503. John Rhea's majority over Dr. Creel in the Third Congressional district is nearly three thousand.

**Women Voted in Idaho.**  
BOISE, IDAHO, Nov. 9.—For the first time in the history of this State women have voted for a Congressman and State officers. They took the liveliest interest in the proceedings. In view of the limitation of many places, accurate returns are not yet available. It is therefore somewhat difficult to say what effect the vote of the women has had on the general result. It is known, however, that the women have not voted along partisan lines.

**Report of Concord School.**  
Edith E. 90, Mabel Duke 90, Henry Partle 90, Edie Hagerman 90, Fitzgough Goode 90, Maud Goode 90, Ida Goode 90, Olive York 90, Geneva York 90, Altha Allen 90, Alvey York 90, Eva Allen 90, Jesse York 90, Ernest Morris 90, Estil Allen 90, Foster Tabor 90, Arthur York 90, Anna Lee 93, Millie Smith 94, Steve Grangeby 89, Clarence Allen 89, Clyde Crabtree 90, Jesse Morris 89, Bernice Hines 97, Inez Duke 86, Nora Duke 85, Lizzie Hines 85, Nellie Gorder 85, Anna Grangeby 85, Freda Allen 84, Lizzie Allen 82, Edna Allen 82, Wayne Lee 82, Edna Lee 82, Erin Allen 82, Ira Allen 85, Meridith Lee 81, Elvira Lee 80, Estill Coppage 80, Vera Crabtree 80, Lee Duke 81.

**Have the Courage of Your Convictions.**  
[By Frank A. Munsey.]  
Most men, it seems to me, are too much afraid of making mistakes. I like men who make mistakes, who have the courage, the warm blood in their veins to make mistakes. Every thing in life is more or less a gamble. Timidity never accomplished anything in this world. Faith is the mainspring of enterprise. Mistakes make the game interesting. They lift it above

a different way, and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple, every day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his color. And yet it is a sight which we see every day.

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**The Safety of Railway Travel.**

Last year, on American railways, one passenger was killed in accidents out of every 2,827,474 passengers carried. This is to say, that you can take a ride of 2,827,474 times before, on the law of averages, your turn comes to be killed. You will have to travel 72,000,000 miles of the cars before that turn comes, and 4,541,945 miles before you are injured. If you travel twenty miles every day for 300 days in the year, you can keep on at it for 758 years before your turn comes to be hurt. If there had been railways when our Savior was born and had begun to travel on the first day of the year A. D. 1, and had traveled 100 miles in every day of every month of every year since then, you would still have (in this year 1898) nearly three million miles yet to travel before your turn came to be killed.

**Two Good Stories on Mr. Lincoln.**  
At a cabinet meeting once, the advisability of putting a legend on greenbacks similar to the "In God We Trust," legend on the silver coins was discussed, and the President was asked what his view was. He replied: "If you are going to put a legend on greenbacks I would suggest that of P. T. and Paul: 'Silver and gold, we have not; but what we have, we will give.'"

On another occasion, when Mr. Lincoln was going to attend a political convention, one of his rivals, a liverman, provided him with a slow horse, hoping he would not reach his destination in time. Mr. Lincoln got there, however, and when he returned with the horse, he said: "You keep this horse for funerals, don't you?"

"Oh, no," replied the liverman. "Well, I'm glad of that, for if you did, you'd never get a corpse to the grave in time for the resurrection."

**Cow Swallows a Knife.**  
[Pittsburgh News.]

One of the most remarkable cow stories on record is now told for the first time. About seventeen years ago school trustee Ed Ashbrook, whose father then kept a grocery, was sent to deliver a sack of bran to Prof. J. T. Rose, now superintendent of the Broadway school building. He took the bran back to the stable and was instructed to cut the sack and empty the bran into the bin. He had to knife and Prof. Rose gave him his knife to cut open the sack. In doing so the open knife fell into the bran and was never recovered, a cow while eating the bran having swallowed the knife, which was recovered last week, when the cow was butchered. The knife had been open all the time, and except for rust didn't seem any the worse for its long confinement in the milch cow's stomach.

**Worms Voted in Idaho.**  
BOISE, IDAHO, Nov. 9.—For the first time in the history of this State women have voted for a Congressman and State officers. They took the liveliest interest in the proceedings. In view of the limitation of many places, accurate returns are not yet available. It is therefore somewhat difficult to say what effect the vote of the women has had on the general result. It is known, however, that the women have not voted along partisan lines.

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the dead level, stimulate imagination, and keep hope young.

More good thoughts have perished than have ever seen the light of day. It is the easiest thing in the world to reason the most out of a new idea. The man who "lets there" is the man who has the courage to make the plunge when the thought is fresh in his mind—to strike while the iron is hot. Ideas, like time and tide, wait for nobody. They must be taken at the flood. The man who attempts to argue all the way to the finish, is lost. Difficulties are at their worst in the perspective. The plunge is the vital thing—the beginning, the life. Faith and experience will care for the rest. The world's real benefactors are its brave men, the men who have the soul to do and to dare, to risk everything—fortune, reputation and life.

I don't believe at all in the sure thing theory; I don't believe at all in the theory of getting something for nothing. The man who seeks big rewards should take big chances, should give up an ample equivalent in brain force, thought, energy, money, for everything he gets. The man who rises above the surface makes no end of mistakes; the drone, alone, makes no mistakes.

**Bill Nye's Genius.**  
[See Record.]

Had the late Bill Nye confined his genius as a humorist to advertisement writing, he would have doubtless attained even greater success than he did in the literary field. Here is a sample of what he could do in the advertising line when he wanted to dispose of a cow: "Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to government survey, one flash raspberry colored cow, aged 8 years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her house at present by means of a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to use her right. She is one-fourth short horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shot-gun which goes with her. In May, she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a still, red coat with white legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

An exchange makes the following picture of the journalist: "The newspaper field is a wide field and full of roses and thorns. When you roast the preacher, the ungodly smile; when you roast the ungodly preacher smile; if you roast the saloon man, the teetotaler smiles; if you roast the teetotaler, the saloon man acts 'em up. If you swear you are a wicked man, and if you pray you are a hypocrite. If you have an opinion you get cussed, and if you don't have you are a nonentity. The preacher knows one thing, the gambler or the saloon man knows another, but the journalist is expected to know everything. Be damned if you do and be damned if you don't."

**CASTORIA.**  
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A Pet of Misfortune.

Misfortune marks some men as her own, and truly was this the case of Louis Weber.

Fifteen years ago he was a prosperous farmer in the back part of Hancock county. His estate was well managed, and he did not want for the good things of life. He had plenty of the world's goods and the sun of contentment seemed to shine over his vine and fig tree.

He had a good wife and an interesting family of prepossessing daughters. In an evil day his wife died. His

## ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.